

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 350.—VOL. VII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.

PRICE 1½d

THE BERMUDAS.

As Bermuda has been mentioned so frequently lately in connection with the unfortunate outbreak of insubordination amongst the Grenadier Guards, a short account of the island, or, more properly speaking, group of islands, and of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, may not be uninteresting.

The Bermudas are a group of islands, of coral formation, lying in the Atlantic Ocean, about three hundred miles eastward of the coast of Florida, and about seven hundred miles distant from New York. They form, properly speaking, an 'atoll'—that is to say, they surround a lagoon, or rather would do so if all the islands were above water; but, as a matter of fact, three-fifths of the islands are submerged. They are thickly covered with stunted cedar trees, and have a certain amount of tropical vegetation and undergrowth.

The principal islands are St George's, which is generally the first land sighted, and is the headquarters of the Artillery and Submarine Miners; Ireland Island, the seat of the Dockyard, with a fine open roadstead in Grassy Bay for men-of-war to lie in; and Main Island, a group of other islands connected more or less with the two extreme points, St George's and Ireland Island, by causeways and bridges.

The capital is Hamilton, a clean town, with its rows of white stone houses and white coral streets, running along the edge of the harbour. The mail-steamers of the Quebec Line, being specially constructed, are able to make their way into this harbour, and to disembark their passengers, mails, and freight direct; but the entrance to the harbour is too narrow and intricate for large vessels to pass, although there is a great depth of water once the two rocks called the 'Two Sisters,' forming the sides of the entrance channel, are passed.

The first amusing thing which strikes a visitor when the steamer anchors is the cumbrous and lengthy process of making the gangway for

passengers to land. Long beams are first pulled on board by huge negroes; others then work their way along them with cross-pieces of timber to form the platform, which they arrange quickly and systematically, the whole process taking full three-quarters of an hour. Troops are disembarked in gunboats and tugs, the troop-ships drawing too much water to proceed farther than Grassy Bay.

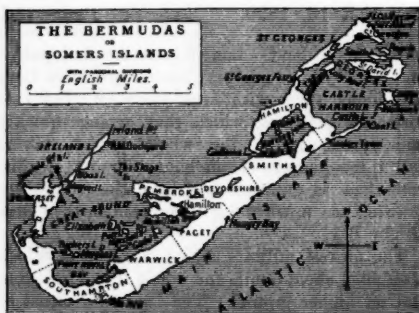
The nearest military station is Prospect, which is situated about a mile and a half from Hamilton, and on higher ground. The barracks consist of wooden huts, whitewashed inside, fitted with sun-shutters and verandas, and roofed with slates, painted white. The object of having white roofs is twofold—firstly, as a protection from the sun; secondly, as a means of keeping the rain-water, which is the sole supply, clean and pure. There is not a spring of fresh water in the island, so every drop of rain-water is valuable, and as much as possible has to be secured. This is managed by clearing away on the sides of the hills all the vegetation and undergrowth, leaving the natural surface of the coral rock exposed, which is then well whitewashed, and down which the rain flows, whence it is caught and stored in tanks. A certain amount is also obtained from the roofs of houses. Water-famines sometimes occur, but from the dreadful effects of these the troops enjoy an immunity, there being large condensers at Ireland Island, with a reserve store of water for use in case of emergency.

The islands are dotted with obelisks, sad memorials to those British soldiers who perished in past years from that dreadful scourge 'Yellow Jack.' Of late years, thanks to stringent sanitary precautions and strict quarantine, the islands have been free from this terrible fever, and with ordinary care can always be kept free. Judging from the inscriptions the 'old 53d' Regiment seems to have suffered the most, many hundreds lying buried underneath, and not a few convicts besides.

To return to Prospect. This used to have the reputation of being an unhealthy quarter;

but whether it was due to the fact of the huts being left so long on the same ground or from the water-supply being bad, could never be determined. Enteric fever was far too common; but of late years much has been done to improve its sanitary condition.

Near the camp is a good cricket-field, almost the only level piece of ground in the island; also some very fair lawn-tennis courts, laid out at the bottom of the valley, which has been levelled, and named, as many other recreation grounds abroad are, 'The Happy Valley.' A bright cheery valley it is too, with its grass courts surrounded with beds filled with coleus, begonias, geraniums, and other plants growing in profusion.



Hamilton boasts of two large hotels, run by Americans, which during the winter season are filled with visitors, mostly from New York. Very lively they make the place too, affording the British red-coat many a laugh, coming to life again after dragging through the weary hot season. Their great amusement is to visit the different barracks and see as many parades as they can possibly attend—applauding in great style, much to the commanding officer's disgust, any particular movement which takes their fancy, as if the whole drill was being gone through for their amusement. Their knowledge of military matters is extremely limited; but that does not prevent them from talking as if they knew all about it, and from making the most ludicrous remarks. On one occasion, with their usual patriotism, they gave a large ball at one of the hotels to celebrate Washington's birthday. The officers of the garrison were invited, and those attending were ordered to wear uniform. There were several present decorated with the Egyptian medal. An American lady, on observing this, remarked in perfect good faith to one of them, 'I guess you all belong to the same bicycle club,' forming her opinion from the colour of the medal ribbon being the same in so many cases.

The musketry encampment is at Warwick, a nice spot, with a fine sandy beach for bathing, and a pleasant change from the heat of Prospect. One company is stationed at Ireland Island, quartered in the Casemate Barracks, a huge block of stone

buildings, built in former days by convict labour, and situated just outside the dockyard and not far from the floating dock. The dock—an immense iron structure—was put together in England, and towed out here by three men-of-war. It is capable of holding the largest ship in the North American squadron, and is a wonderful piece of work. It consists of two cases, with a cavity between, each end being fitted with removable caissons. The ship to be docked enters; the water is then pumped out from between the two cases, and the dock consequently rises with the vessel. It is a most unpleasant neighbour to live near to. Owing to the action of the salt water, a crust is formed on the iron, which has to be chipped off. This work is carried on incessantly, and the noise made in doing so is deafening.

The climate is pleasant, except when a south wind is blowing, which produces a vapour, making the island the same temperature as an overheated greenhouse. From the beginning of August till the middle of October is the hottest time of the year. The damp at times is great, a pair of boots becoming covered with mildew in one night, and everything touched feels sticky and clammy. Reptiles there are none, except a poisonous species of centipede—though mosquitoes are all prize specimens.

There is no sport of any description with hound, rod, or gun. One regiment tried the experiment of taking out a pack of beagles and running a drag; but the result was not encouraging. A wretched line of country, rough uneven rock covered with trees and intersected with stone walls, was the only course. So scattered did the field get, that after a little experience, instead of the meet being advertised, the most favourable spot to finish was, and the whole thing was ludicrous in the extreme. Apropos of dogs, the colony certainly has a wise law regarding the license to be taken out by their owners. Half-a-crown is the price to be paid for a dog, whilst a bitch cost ten shillings for its license—an effectual remedy against over-breeding, although cases of hydrophobia are unknown. Besides the usual semi-tropical vegetation, the island is covered with a curious plant (*Bryophyllum calycinum*), commonly called 'the life-plant,' bearing a long stalk covered with bell-shaped flowers. This plant is very prolific; take even a leaf and hang it up with a piece of thread—it will throw out growth all round. The chief crops of the island are onions, potatoes, and tomatoes, all of which find a ready sale in New York; also arrowroot. Acres upon acres of lilies (*Lilium Harrisii*) are cultivated, and beautiful the fields look when covered with bloom. These are all packed in tin boxes and shipped to New York about Easter, and are a very profitable speculation.

The boating is most enjoyable, not only from the pleasure derived from sailing and the cooler atmosphere experienced on the water, but also from the wonderful scenery to be seen down in

the depths of the ocean. Although the water is clear and transparent, it is better to be provided with a water-glass. It is impossible to describe the beauty of the coral rocks, covered with sea-fans of every hue and size, and in every stage of encrustation, delicately-shaped ferns and seaweed filling up the gaps, the whole forming a glorious blaze of exquisite tints deep, deep down; the variety of gorgeous fish to be seen, each inhabiting a different depth, and driving out any intruders from their homes, from the prettily-coloured angel fish to the huge rock-cod, a brilliant red; from the small anchovy, leaping out of the water in thousands whilst being chased by bigger fish into the shallows, turning the sea into a sheet of silver in their flight from their enemies, to the ugly and dreaded shark. The island abounds with fishponds, where the habits of the different fish can be watched, and a change of diet obtained when too rough for sea-fishing.

The Bermudians, both white and black, are born sailors, handling their yachts and dinghies beautifully. Everybody has heard of the Bermuda boat, with its peculiar rig and 'leg-of-mutton' sail, able to sail so close to the wind, turn so handily, and weather the roughest storm. Dinghy-racing is most exciting work, requiring great nerve and judgment. In a close race it is wonderful to see the way the boats are managed, and the methods adopted to win—some of the crew sitting well back over the gunwales with the ballast on their chests, others diving one by one from the stern of the boats to try and get a little more way on. The negroes there are much the same as elsewhere, fine strong men, speaking very pure English.

Poverty on the island there is none; there is work for all, the wages paid averaging a dollar a day. The origin of our slang expression, 'That takes the cake,' may not be generally known. Once a year the negroes collect together on some road or other and appoint a judge. Several couples, men and women, dressed in grotesque costumes, go through absurd pantomimes and ridiculous performances. The couple earning the most applause are awarded a piece of cake, which prize is highly valued. The blacks are very neat joiners, making good use of the cedar and calibash growing on the island.

The government consists of two Houses of Parliament, to the lower of which blacks are allowed to be elected; with a Governor, who is also Commander-in-Chief of the troops quartered there, at the head. He has a fine residence at Mount Langton, where great hospitality to all alike is equally extended. Furnishing a guard of honour at the opening of the session will be a novel experience to men accustomed to mount guard at Buckingham and St James's Palaces, to say nothing of the amusement to be derived from watching the bows of the newly-elected members when presented, in the performance of which the blacks are more thorough than the whites, nearly touching the ground. Of society there is next to none, except when the Americans arrive in the winter. With the exception of the Attorney-general and Colonial Secretary, most of the white residents are shopkeepers, though chiefly descended from old Bermudian families.

It takes just a little time to get accustomed to buying meat or a yard of ribbon in the morning, and asking the server for the pleasure of a dance when you meet her in the evening at a party.

Storms are frequent and severe, communication between the different islands which are not connected being often interrupted for days at a time. One officer in command of the guard at Agar's Island, where the magazines are built, was once unable to be relieved through this cause, and his supplies for the next twenty-four hours were reduced to a box of sardines and a half-finished novel: he got through the sardines long before the novel.

Convicts have left their mark everywhere: old hulks lying in the harbour where they were confined at night; weather-worn buildings, now used for barracks, still fitted with the actual rings where they were chained, together with open spaces for the warders to patrol about above; and not a few graves, with touching inscriptions, roughly hewn in the headstones, erected by some fellow-exiles to the memory of their departed comrades. These graves are all enclosed and well cared for, as also are all the other cemeteries.

Birds are scarce; boatswain birds, and pretty red and blue birds about the size of a sparrow, being those most frequently seen. The latter are said to be a great delicacy, but, very properly, are strictly preserved; a guinea a bird, though nicely served on toast, is rather too prohibitive a price to pay for an entrée, even during the hot weather, when supplies are scarce and any variety welcome. No live-stock can be kept longer than a fortnight on the island, so it has consequently to be imported, as the demand may require, from New York.

There is one mail a week during the winter months, but only once a fortnight at other times of the year, arriving on Sunday morning. The laying of a cable from Halifax, Nova Scotia, has conferred a great boon on the islands and improved communication with other places, which ought to open them up and induce more yachts to call there in the winter.

One race-meeting a year is generally held, but never proves much of a success, the course being dangerous and the entries few. It is worth, however, the trouble of getting it up to hear the blacks betting, the odds being laid in tomatoes and onions: 'Five tomatoes to a pound of onions against —,' 'One bunch of bananas to one pound of arrowroot on —.' So many accidents happened, that the course was closed; but it is now reopened, alterations having been effected.

In conclusion, the following summary may be useful. The life is slow and monotonous, but the climate, though trying at times, is not unhealthy, and for six months of the year is decidedly pleasant. The atmosphere is oppressive when the wind blows from the south, and when 'oily' calms are prevalent. Enteric fever is the only thing to be guarded against. Wages being so high, there are no luxuries, such as punkahs, &c., for minimising the heat; but with ordinary care, even in the hottest months of the year one is able to be out of doors all day long and to take more or less exercise. The nights are the most trying, being close and oppressive, and making it hard to get much sleep. Care should be taken never

to drink any water without having it carefully filtered. May foreign service always take the Guards to such healthy and pleasant quarters as Bermuda.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—I CONVERSE WITH WETHERLY.

NOT to dwell too long on a detail of insignificance, it will suffice to say that by dint of rummaging the wardrobes of Captain Braine and Mr Chicken I obtained several useful articles, and Miss Temple went to work to convert them into wearing-apparel for herself, with the help of a pair of scissors which I borrowed from the carpenter, and needles and thread procured from amongst the men by Wetherly. The occupation was useful to her in other ways; it killed the tedious, the insufferably tedious time, and it gave her something to think of, and even something to look forward to, so blank had been the hours.

I remember coming out of my cabin after a spell of sleep to take sights shortly before noon, and finding her seated at the table with some flannel or fine blanket stuff before her, at which she was stitching—ripped up and violated vestments of either Braine or Chicken, but brand-new, or she would scarcely have meddled with them. She received me with a smile and a few words, and then went on sewing with an air as of gratification that I should have found her at work.

I halted, and stood looking on, feigning to watch her busy fingers, whilst in reality I gazed at her face with a lover's delight. It was hard to believe that what was passing was something more than a dream, astonishingly vivid and logical. Again and again, when in the company of this girl, a sense of the unreality of our association had possessed me to such a degree at times that, had the feeling continued, I might honestly have feared for my head. But never before this moment had that sense been so strong upon me. I forgot her beauty in my wonder. It was sheer bewilderment to recall her as she was on board the Indiaman; her haughtiness, her disdain, her contemptuous insensibility to all presences save that of my Lord Sandown's son, the cold glance of scornful surprise that would instantly cause me to avert mine—to recall this and how much more? and behold her now pensively bending her lovely head and face of high-bred charms over that sordid need of rough sailor's clothes, occasionally stealing a peep at me of mingled sweetness and a sort of wistful amusement, as though she grieved while she smiled at the necessity that had brought her to such a pass. Yet there was no repining; if she sighed, it was under her breath; forced as her light air of cheerfulness might be, it proved a growing resolution of spirit, a development of heroic forces, latent in her till recently.

Secretly, however, I was worried by keen anxiety. What was to be the issue of this voyage? I merely feigned a manner of confidence when talking with her about the result of this amazing ramble, as I chose to figure it. In reality, I could not think of the time when we

should have arrived upon the spot where the dead captain had declared his island to be, without dread. Suppose there were no island! What next step would the men take? The disappointment that must follow their long dream of gold might determine them upon plundering the barque—put them upon some wild scheme of converting her and her cargo into money. Or suppose—though I never seriously considered the matter thus—suppose, I would ask myself, that the island proved real, that the treasure proved real, that the men should dig and actually find the gold! What then? Was I to conceive that a body of ignorant, reckless, lawless sailors, led by a man who was at heart the completest imaginable copy of a sea-villain, would peaceably divide the treasure amongst them, pay me over my share—which, God knows, I should have been willing to attach to Mr Lush's feet on condition of the others throwing him overboard—and suffer me to quietly navigate the barque to an adjacent port, conscious that I owed them a bitter grudge for the outrage they had committed in forcing me and the lady to accompany them?

At long intervals I would exchange a few sentences with Joe Wetherly. Unfortunately, he was in the carpenter's watch, and my opportunities, therefore, for speaking with him were few. It was only now and again, when he was required to keep a lookout for Lush or myself, that I contrived to gather what was going forward amongst the men by engaging him in a brief chat before he quitted the poop. I was so sensible of being keenly observed by all hands, that I was obliged to exercise the utmost caution in speaking to this man. On the poop there was always the fellow at the helm to observe me; and the quarter-deck was within the easy reach of men stirring about the galley, or leaving or entering the fore-castle.

However, it happened one dog-watch that Wetherly came aft instead of the carpenter to relieve me. Mr Lush, he told me, felt unwell, and had asked him to stand his watch from eight to twelve. It was a clear night, but dark, the south-east trade-wind strong off the port beam, and the weather dry and cold, with a frosty glitter in the trembling of the stars which enriched the heavens with such a multitude of white and green lights that the firmament seemed to hover over our mast-heads like some vast sheet of black velvet gloriously spangled with brilliants and emeralds and dust of diamonds and tender miracles of delicate prisms.

Miss Temple had left me some twenty minutes or so, and was now in the cabin, seated at the table under the lamp, with a pencil in her hand, with which she drew outlines upon a sheet of paper with an air of profound absent-mindedness. She wore over her dress a knitted waistcoat that had belonged to the captain; it stretched to her figure, and it was already a need even in the daytime with the sun shining brightly, for we were penetrating well to the southwards, and every score of miles which the nimble keel of the barque could measure made a sensible difference in the temperature of even the shelter of the cabin. It was too dark to distinguish Wetherly until he was close. On hearing that he was to keep the deck until twelve, I determined to have a long chat with him, to get with some thorough-

ness at his views, which, to a certain extent, I had found a bit puzzling, and to gather what information I could from him touching the behaviour I might expect in the crew if there should be no gold, or, which was the same, no island.

The fellow who had come to the wheel at eight bells was Forrest, the supple, piratic-looking young sailor, whose walk, as he rolled along the lee-deck, his figure swinging against the stars over the rail, had told me who he was without need of my going to the binnacle to make sure. Whilst Wetherly talked about the carpenter feeling unwell, I drew him aft, that we might be within earshot of Forrest, and said, as I turned to step to the companion hatch: 'I'll bring my pipe on deck, Wetherly, for a smoke after I have had a bite below. I wish to keep an eye upon the weather till two bells. Those green stars to wind'ard may signify more than a mere atmospheric effect.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' he answered in a voice that made me see that he took my words in their most literal meaning.

I remained below until half-past eight, talking with Miss Temple, eating a little supper, and so on. I then fetched my pipe, and told her that I should be down again at nine, and that I did not ask her to accompany me, as I wished to have a talk with Wetherly. She fixed her dark eyes upon me with an expression of inquiry, but asked no questions. There had been a time when she would have opened the full battery of her alarm and anxiety upon me, but silence was now become a habit with her. It was her confession of faith in my judgment, an admission that she expected no other information than such as I chose to give her. I cannot express how this new behaviour was emphasised by the eloquence of her beauty, in which I could witness the curiosity and the apprehension which she had disciplined her tongue to suppress.

I left her, and went on deck. I first walked to the binnacle, into which I peered, and then in the sheen of it gazed very earnestly to windward and around, as though I was a little uneasy. The floating figure of Forrest swayed at the wheel, and I observed that he cast several glances to windward also. Muttering to myself, as though thinking aloud, 'Those green stars show uncommonly bright!' I went abruptly to the break of the poop, where the dark form of Wetherly was pacing, as though my mind were full of the weather.

'What's wrong with them stars, sir, d'ye think?' said he.

'Oh, nothing in the world,' I answered. 'They are very honest trade-wind stars.—I wanted an excuse for a chat, Wetherly. Forrest has the ears of a prairie hunter. I'm not here to talk to you about the weather. You are the only man on board in whom I can confide. As we approach the Horn, my anxieties gain upon me. How is this voyage to end? By this time you pretty well understand the disposition of the crew. If there should be no island, what then, Wetherly?'

I noticed a cautious pause in him.

'Mr Dugdale,' he answered, 'I'm heartily concerned for you, and for the lady too, and I may say particularly for the lady, who seems to me to

be a born princess, a sight too good for such quarters as them'—he pointed to the skylight with a shadowy hand—'with naught but a dead man's clothes to keep her warm. If I could be of service to ye, I would; but I've got to be as careful as you. Mr Lush has such a hold upon the minds of the crew that there's nothen he couldn't get 'em to do, I believe; and if he should come to suspect that there's anything 'twixt you and me, any sort of confidence that ain't direct in the interests of the fo'c'sle, it 'ud go as hard with me as I may tell 'ee it certainly would with you if you was to play 'em false.'

This speech he delivered in a low key, with frequent glances aft and at the quarter-deck below. I listened with patience, though he told me nothing that I was not fully aware of.

'But what course, Wetherly, do you think these men will adopt if on our arrival at the latitude and longitude named by that unhappy madman as the spot where his treasure lies, there should be no island?'

'Well, sir,' he responded, preserving his cautious tone, 'I can answer that question, for it's formed a part of the consultations the crew is agin and agin abolding. They'll think ye've dished 'em, and that o' purpose you han't steered a true course.'

'Ha!' I exclaimed; 'and what then?'

'You'll have to find the island, sir.'

'But, Wetherly, if it be not there! There is no rock marked on the chart in the place that was named by Captain Braine.'

'They'll keep ye ahunting for it,' said he grimly.

'And if we don't find it?'

'Well, I can't tell 'ee *what* they'll do. All they've said is, "If it ain't there, it'll be because he don't mean it shall be." But I've heard no threats—no talk of what 'ud follow.'

'If there should be no gold, no island,' said I, 'my opinion is that they will seize upon the ship and cargo, and compel me to navigate her to some port where they will find a market for their plunder.'

'And where will that be?' he asked.

'Impossible to say. Lush will probably know. He has the airs and appearance of a man to whom a performance of the kind I suggest would be no novelty.—I may tell you now, Wetherly, and, indeed, I might have done so long ago, that it was the carpenter whom Captain Braine charged with murder.'

'Well, sir, you'll excuse me. I'm not for believing that, Mr Dugdale. That Lush has been a rare old sinner, ye need only watch him by daylight and hear him talk in his sleep at night, to know; but, as I said afore, when ye mentioned it—murder—I saw him wag his head by the starlight—I'd choose to make sure afore believing it on the evidence of a madman.'

'But don't you think the carpenter and, let me add, most of the crew equal to the commission of any crime?'

'Well, I won't say no to that now with this here glittering temptation of money getting into their souls, to work everything that may be evil in 'em out through their skins. I wouldn't trust 'em, and so I tell 'ee, Mr Dugdale; and if this here barque was any other ship than the *Lady Blanche*, and my mates any other men but what

they are, I'd be content to pawn for sixpence all that I've got in my chest.'

I came to a stand with him for a while at the weather rail in feigned contemplation of the weather.

'Wetherly,' said I quietly, as we resumed our crosswise walk, 'my position is a frightful one. Were it not for the cursed lunatic fancy that that shambling villain Wilkins overheard—the completest lie that ever took shape in a madman's brain—I might hope to be able to tempt the crew with a handsome reward to allow me to sail this ship to a port whence the lady and I could get home.—But what could I offer, with honest intention to pay, that should approach the thousands which those fools yonder dream about day and night?'

He made no answer.

'Supposing, Wetherly,' I continued, 'I should determine, in a mood of desperation, to drop my command here, and refuse to navigate the vessel another league unless Miss Temple and I are put ashore?'

'You know what 'ud happen,' he cried; 'ye've said it o'er and o'er agin, hitting upon what's most likely. Clear your mind o' that scheme, sir, if it's only for the lady's sake!'

'But what's to follow upon our arrival in the Pacific?' I exclaimed with an emotion of despair.

'There's nothen to be done but to wait,' he answered gloomily.

'Do you think that every mother's son forward believes in the existence of the treasure?'

'Every mother's son of 'em, sir. The belief mightn't have been so general, I daresay, if it hadn't been for them documents you signed. Ignorant as the men are, they know how to git four out of two and two. First, there's the drawing on that there bit of parchment; then there was the capt'n's yarn of how he come by the gold, as ship-shape to the minds of the men as if they'd seen him fetch it out of the Bank of England; then comes the plot of getting rid of 'em at Rio, with a crew of Kanakas to follow; and then a company of beachcombers atop of them, to carry the barque on. Here alone's a thought-out scheme proper to convince an atheist. But then follows them documents o' yourn to prove that you, a born gent of eddication and first-class intelligence, don't doubt the truth o' what ye hear, and, to make sure, provide for your share when the gold's come at and for your security, if so be as the law should lay hold on the capt'n for a-deviating.'

'It is all very true,' I exclaimed, staggered myself by the consistency of the wretched business, and forced to mentally admit the reasonableness of the illiterate creatures in the fore-castle accepting it all as an indisputable fact. 'But you know my motive in acting as I did?'

'Well, I do, sir. As I told ye, I was a bit non-plushed at first; but it's a mailman's yarn—ne'er a doubt of it. And I'm as wishful, Mr Dugdale, as ever ye can be to be quit of the whole blooming job.'

Again I came to a pause at the weather rail, as though I lingered on deck only to observe the weather.

'Now, Wetherly, listen to me,' said I. 'You

know you are the only man in the ship that I would dream of opening my lips to. You have my full confidence; I believe you to be sound to the core. If you will give me your word, I shall be perfectly satisfied that you will not betray me.'

'Whatever ye may tell me, Mr Dugdale,' he responded in a voice slightly agitated, 'I swear to keep locked up in my bosom; but afore I can give ye my word, I must know what I've got to take my oath on.'

'You misunderstand me,' I exclaimed; 'I desire no oath. Simply assure me that should a time ever come when I may see my way to escape, you will stand my friend; you will actively assist me if you can—you will not be neutral, I mean, merely my well-wisher; simply tell me this, and I shall know that when an opportunity arises, I will have you to count upon.'

'Have you a scheme, first of all, Mr Dugdale?' he inquired. 'There's no good in my consenting to anything that's agoing to end in getting our throats cut.'

'No; I have no scheme. What plan could I form? I must grasp the first, the best chance that offers, and then it may be that I will want you. There are others besides myself whom you would find grateful. Miss Temple's mother is a lady of title, and a rich woman'—

'Excuse me, Mr Dugdale,' he interrupted; 'I don't want no bribe to bring me into a proper way of acting, if so be as that proper way ain't agoing to cost too much. I'll say downright, now, that if I can help you and the lady to get out of this job and put ye both in the road of getting home, ye may depend upon my doing my best. More'n that there'd be no use in saying, seeing that it ain't possible to consart a scheme, and that we must wait until something turns up. If there be an island, and we bring up off it, the sort of opportunity you want may come, and you'll find all of me there. If the island be a delusion, then something else'll have to be waited for. But I tell you as man to man that I'm with you and the lady, that I don't like Mr Lush nor the business he's brought the vessel's crew into, but that I've got to be as cautious as you; which now means, sir—and I beg that you'll understand me as speaking respectfully—that that there Forrest has seen us together long enough.'

'Right,' I exclaimed, grasping his hand; 'I thank you from my heart for your assurance; and Miss Temple shall thank you herself.'

With which I went aft, gazing steadfastly to windward as I walked, and after a final peep into the binnacle and a slow look round, I stepped below.

There was little to comfort me in this chat with Wetherly; it was worth knowing, however, that he regarded the captain's yarn as a mere emission of craziness, for heretofore, in the few conversations I had had with him, his hesitation, his cautious inquiries, his manner, that in a superior person would to a certain extent have suggested irony, had caused me to see that his mind was by no means made up on the subject. This, then, was to the good, and it was satisfactory to be informed by him that he would befriend us if an opportunity occurred, providing his assistance should not jeopardise his life. I was grateful for this promise, but scarcely comforted by

it. I carried a clouded face into the cabin; Miss Temple, who awaited my return to the cabin, fixed an anxious gaze upon me, but asked no questions.

'How good you are to suppress your curiosity!' I exclaimed, standing by her side, and looking into her upturned face; 'you incalculably lighten my burthen by your forbearance.'

'You have taught me my lesson,' she answered quietly; 'and as a pupil, I should be proud of the commendations of my master.' She pronounced the word 'master' with a glance of her proud eyes through the droop of the lashes, and a smile at once sweet and haughty played upon her lips.

'It will comfort you to know that Wetherly is our friend,' said I.

'I have always regarded him as so,' she responded.

'Yes: but he has now consented to aid me in any effort I may by-and-by make to escape with you from this barque.'

She was silent, but her face was eloquent with nervous eager questioning.

'Moreover,' I proceeded, 'Wetherly is now convinced that Captain Braine's gold was a dream of that man's madness. A dream of course it is. But do you know I am extremely anxious that we should find an island in that latitude and longitude of waters to which I shall be presently heading this ship.'

'May I ask why?'

'Because I think—mind, I do but think, that I may see a way to escape with you and Wetherly alone in this barque.'—She breathed quickly, and watched me with impassioned attention.—'In fact,' I continued, 'even as I stand here, looking at you, Miss Temple, a resolution grows in me to create an island for Captain Braine's gold, should the bearings he gave me prove barren of land.'

'Create?' she exclaimed musingly.

'Yes. The South Sea is full of rocks. I'll find the men a reef, and that reef must provide me with my chance.—But,' I exclaimed, breaking off, and looking at my watch, 'it is time for me to seek some rest. I shall have to be on deck again at twelve.'

'I shall go to bed also,' she exclaimed; 'it is dull—and there are many weeks before us yet.' She smiled with a quivering lip, as though she would have me know that she rebuked herself for complaining. 'I believe you would tell me more if you had the least faith in my judgment.'

'At present, I have nothing to tell; but an hour may come when I shall have to depend very largely upon your judgment and your spirit also.'

She met my eyes with a firm, full, glowing gaze. 'No matter what task you assign to me,' she cried with vehemence, 'you will find me equal to it. This life is insupportable; and I would choose at this instant the chance of death side by side with the chance of escape, sooner than continue as I am in this horrible condition of uncertainty, banishment, and misery.'

'That may be the spirit I shall want to evoke,' I said, smiling, whilst I held open her cabin door. 'Good-night, Miss Temple.'

She held my hand a moment or two before relinquishing it. 'I hope I have said nothing to

vex you, Mr Dugdale?' she exclaimed, slightly inclining her fine head into a posture that might make one think of a princess expressing an apology.

'What have I said that you should think so?' I answered.

'Your manner is a little hard,' she exclaimed in a low voice.

'God forgive me if it be so,' said I. 'Not to you, Miss Temple, would I be hard.'

My voice trembled as I pronounced these words, and abruptly I caught up her hand and pressed her fingers to my lips, and bowing, closed the door upon her and entered my own berth.

A LONDON TEA WAREHOUSE.

It is eight o'clock of the morning, and a numerous body of workmen are passing into the doorway of a huge barracks-like building some half-a-dozen stories high, and occupying the site of a considerable village of London houses which have been swept away to build it. In quiet, orderly fashion this morning muster-roll of labour is accomplished, and the gangs of men are told off for work. Steady and well-mannered fellows mostly, but not much resembling ordinary labourers, as currently understood, are these warehouse hands. A most varied lot certainly, with a very general appearance, for the greater part, of artisans out of work, or 'down on their luck,' as they would say. Indeed, many of them look like anything that could be named in a wide range of choice, not excluding the liberal professions and the gentleman 'born.'

There are entering with them clerks, foremen, coopers, and other mechanics of the miscellaneous throng that goes to make up the employed at a London Bonded Tea Warehouse.

A veritable hive of human industry. It is here that the first introduction of the annually imported tea-herb is made to the British public; for it is here that the Indian and China growers really meet, at last, the English buyer.

The great ocean steamers are berthed at the various docks as soon as they arrive in the Thames. What majestic names are borne by the splendid boats! A 'Glen Line' recalls many a famous spot in the Scottish Highlands; whilst a 'City Line' bears names suggestive of oriental splendour or bygone classic renown. Their cargoes are discharged at the principal docks, and immediately dispersed over the port of London in vans by land and barges by water, all of which conveyances are jealously crown-locked by the sleepless Customs officials, who watch this fruitful source of revenue from the first 'hail' at Gravesend until it is finally deposited, duty paid, in the hands of the consumer.

But, primarily, its destination, on being sent from the ship's side, is the Bonded Warehouse in town or by river-side, where the warehouse-keeper gives ample security for its safe keeping, alike to the owners thereof, and to the Crown as having a lien on the goods at first hand.

On arrival at the warehouse the tea is pounced upon by gangs of the handy and civil labourers; and, anon, the chests are whirling in mid-air on their way to loopholes of distant floors near the sky-line, or are being transported thither on

men's shoulders in endless stream, like human ants, up bewildering flights of stairs to similar far-off stowage.

Other gangs, *ad infinitum*, there receive them. Squads of coopers hammer them, prune and hoop them, and otherwise amend them. Drawers of samples pierce and tap them. Expert hands carefully assort the multifarious packages into 'chop' and 'bed,' with nice regard to size, quality marks, garden marks—delightfully suggestive these of orient tea-fields—and uniform weight and description. The tea-chests are then ready for the weighing scales, at which Customs officers and warehouse clerks busily ply their pens, entering into account books the gross and net weights of the goods by each ship, in successive importations, as the packages are passed in swift review before them.

Odd things come to light sometimes when the chests are emptied, to be weighed for tare and refilled. 'Unconsidered trifles' from far-off homes in Assam are occasionally revealed. White rats, dead and flat, have been seen, and bogus chests are not unknown. A frequent importation by the China tea-ships is the delicious fruit lychees in a dried condition.

But to return to tea. In the history of its progress up to the weighing-point the rigid scrutiny of the revenue officers has been exercised mainly with a view to fiscal and statistical Returns; but at this stage of the proceedings the various teas—Kaisons, Capers, Congous, Pekoes, Souchongs, Oolongs, Assams, Hysons, &c.—are inspected by an officer acting as an official analyst under 'The Sale of Food and Drugs Act, 1875,' who selects samples and subjects them to a searching examination, with, at times, the wholesome result, that spurious or adulterated teas are prevented from entering the British market; and even to the extent of causing such vitiated goods to enter the destruction furnace instead. Large quantities of damaged tea are disposed of in that manner.

Tea is frequently spoilt on the voyage by salt water or other causes, and being thus rendered unfit for human food, it becomes 'prohibited.' It is, however, allowed to be delivered duty-free from the warehouse on condition of its being denaturalised by the effective process of mixing with it a proportion of asafetida and lime. This delectable compound is used in the manufacture of the alkaloid caffeine.

For home-use the tea from China is generally cleared out of bond in the same condition as on arrival in this country. But Indian tea appears to be so much varied in quality and 'make,' even when produced in the same tea province, or district, that it is found necessary, very frequently, to throw it together in quantities, taking care not to blend different marks and importations. This arrangement is termed 'bulking,' and the effect of it is to make the whole bulk of the tea operated on more uniform in appearance and quality. In a large tea warehouse capable of holding perhaps a quarter of a million packages, amounting, it might be, to twenty-five million pounds of tea, the bulking of Indian produce assumes stupendous proportions. Floor after floor will at a busy time be crowded with enormous heaps of the emptied contents of many hundreds of chests. These fragrant mounds are thoroughly 'roused'

by gangs of men, deft-hand varlets with wooden shovels. A faint and balmy odour fills the rooms, and the atmosphere is heavily charged with a very palpable dust of tea, of dull red hue, which settles upon the clothes like down. The bulked tea is refilled into the original chests and again weighed in the presence of the Crown officers, each empty chest having been previously weighed for tare; the merchant paying duty on the exactly ascertained net weight of the tea.

Immense quantities of tea are annually exported from London, noticeably to Germany and the Baltic Provinces. It is also largely sent to the colonies and to South America. The latter trade is peculiar, the tea being prepared in bond expressly to meet certain native demands. Packets as small as four, or even two, ounces are greatly in vogue. These goods are frequently also weighed in French kilogrammes (2 lb. 3 oz. 5 dr.). Great attention is paid to careful packing for the voyage, and subsequent inland transit; and to elegance of design and pictorial display, as to the wrappings and labels embellishing the packets and setting forth the attractive charms of the various judicious blends and mixings. In this particular branch of the trade much latitude is given under the revenue regulations, in bond, as to blending and mixing—practices not allowed to the home trade.

Compressed tea is also occasionally exported from a bonded warehouse. This is tea pressed into brick or cake shape—indubitably tea-cakes! The operation is performed by powerful machinery moving a massive metal disc, which is pierced at regular intervals with oblong holds. Into these moulds the loose tea is poured; and as the iron table slowly revolves, each small parcel is treated in turn to enormous dry pressure from a steel mallet, which infallibly meets the mould with accurate and terrific accord, and squeezes the tea into a solid and shapely lump. In these latter arrangements female labour is greatly employed; the various packing and other arts connected with the system requiring much quick handling of goods and delicate manual skill.

Tea is sold in bond to the dealers by samples which are daily on show; and it is needless to say that the moment the chests leave the warehouse, the price paid is enhanced by the fourpence per pound which goes to swell the annual Budget of Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer. Subsequently, the value is not easily determined. Indeed, it might be said, ethically at least, that it is priceless.

THE STORY OF A STORY.

CHAPTER II.

'I WAS so glad to hear that you had succeeded in finding a nice appointment for Arthur Meadows,' said Mrs Malden. 'You must allow me to thank you for your kindness, Mr Wegswood. I take an interest in him, for his mother was a very dear friend of mine in the old days.'

Mr Wegswood disclaimed the debt of Mrs Malden's thanks. To do anything for one of her friends had given him the greatest gratification.

'He goes to B——, does he not?' inquired the lady.

'Gone,' answered Mr Wegswood. 'Poor beggar! Must have been awfully hard up. Jumped at it when I told him he'd get three hundred a year. Positively jumped at it. But I did get it raised a trifle.'

'I'm afraid he has had a terrible struggle to make both ends meet,' assented Mrs Malden.

It was Mrs Malden's afternoon 'at home;' but the day was wet, and her only visitor so far was Mr Wegswood, who therefore reaped, in the undivided attention of his hostess, the reward of his courage in defying the weather. Alicia was not present; but from the glances her mother and the caller cast from time to time towards the drawing-room door, it seemed that her appearance was momentarily expected.

'I liked Arthur Meadowson,' said Mrs Malden after a short silence. 'But, Mr Wegswood'—and she dropped her voice to nearly a whisper—'between ourselves, I will admit that I am greatly relieved at his departure.'

The young brewer was perfectly well aware of the lady's meaning; but he deemed it politic to invite explanation, which he did by raising his chin and arching his eyebrows.

'The truth is,' answered Mrs Malden, who could pardon slight mannerisms in the proprietor of twelve thousand pounds a year—'the truth is, he was very devoted to Alicia. I only observed it lately, and I hoped he might find employment that would entail separation before mischief was done.'

'You surely don't think—— Fellow without a shilling!'

'I am now certain of it, Mr Wegswood; and I will tell you my reasons. Alicia insisted on remaining at home on Friday last, though I was particularly anxious to take her to Hurlingham. When I returned, I heard that Mr Meadowson had been here; and the same evening he wrote to tell me that he had obtained this appointment at B——. Now, ever since Friday, Alicia has been in a state of melancholy and depression from which nothing seems to rouse her. There can be only one reason for this—namely, his going away.'

'Do you think she really cares—cared—for Meadowson?' he inquired after a pause, looking very hard at his boots as he put the question.

'She always liked him.—Oh yes; I can't doubt that she cares for him.'

Mr Wegswood sighed heavily, and glancing at his watch, rose.

'Going already!' she exclaimed. 'Won't you stay and see Alicia? She will be down directly.'

Mr Wegswood was sorry, but had an engagement. 'I'll look in again soon,' he said. 'Let's see. Fellow has so much to do in Season, don't you know? Really not his own master. It's impossible to know'—

'Come in any day,' urged Mrs Malden with warmth, as the young man hesitated, seemingly lost in the abyss of 'engagements' to which he stood committed. 'You will always find us at lunch at half-past one, if you happen to be in this direction.'

'I do earnestly trust that Alicia has not compromised herself with Arthur Meadowson,' mused the ambitious mother, when the bang of the hall

door told that the visitor had gone. 'Mr Wegswood is by far the most eligible man we know. Twelve thousand a year, and every prospect of a seat in the House of Lords; for his uncle is certain of his peerage when the present government goes out.'

So far from having conceived an attachment for Mr Meadowson, Alicia's feeling for the young gentleman just now was not very dissimilar to that a tigress may be supposed to entertain for the slayer of her cub. Arthur had, if anything, under-estimated the result his frank criticism would produce.

'At Eden's Gate,' had been the loving labour of months; Miss Malden had lingered over it with an affectionate all-absorbed interest which grew in ratio with the progress of her work. Balls, parties, theatres, social amusements of every kind, faded into nothingness beside the delights of novel-writing; and indeed were regarded by the authoress as tiresome interruptions, to be escaped whenever possible. And then, when the very last word had been written, and only a publisher was wanted to launch it upon a career of dazzling brilliancy, to be told in so many words that 'it would not print;' that there was no plot, and that the characters were all alike!

The letter she received from him on the evening of that memorable Friday answered no purpose save to strengthen her determination to bury his criticism out of sight. It did nothing to allay the storm that raged against the candid writer, and his delicate hints at her dormant genius appeared to Alicia only grudging acknowledgments of his own lack of discrimination. Nevertheless, her pride had sustained a shock whose effects were evidenced in her changed demeanour; and as she kept her secret resolutely locked in her own breast, Mrs Malden was perhaps justified in arriving at conclusions which, had she confessed them, would have astonished nobody more than Alicia herself.

Mr Wegswood, on his side, was not seriously disturbed by Mrs Malden's disclosures. Conscious of his eligibility, and serene in an excellent opinion of himself, he found it impossible to believe that a girl brought up as Alicia had been could seriously think of accepting the hand of a poor fellow like Arthur Meadowson while she had the remotest prospect of capturing Augustus Wegswood. She might be fond of him, certainly; she might even love him. But he only regarded Arthur's supposititious success as a temporary check, unlikely to exercise any lasting influence upon his own suit.

Strong in the comfortable conviction that he was the prize to be won by Miss Malden in his own time, he was not inclined to press forward with unseemly haste. He omitted to avail himself of the oft repeated general invitation to 'drop in to lunch,' contenting himself with a weekly visit to Brook Street on the regulation day; and not until he saw that Alicia was beginning to recover her wonted spirits did he seek opportunities of ingratiating himself. Though the reverse of clever, Mr Wegswood possessed a small vein of tact, and one afternoon when the lady had accepted his attentions with less indifference than usual, he endeavoured to lay the foundations of a closer understanding by singing gentle praises of

the absent Arthur. Somewhat to his surprise, Miss Malden pulled him up short in the midst of his eulogy.

'I never knew you thought so highly of Mr Meadowson,' she remarked.

'Isn't he a great friend of yours?' inquired Mr Wegswood with an impressive air.

'Not particularly. And if he were, that would be no reason for any one else liking him.'

Mr Wegswood was about to say that Miss Malden's friendship was the most certain guarantee of moral worth that mortal man could enjoy, but checked himself in time, and diverged into asseverations of the unspeakable pleasure he had derived from being the instrument of starting his friend in life.

'I was very glad to get the post for him, poor as it is,' said Mr Wegswood in conclusion, thinking of the emoluments.

'I was exceedingly pleased too,' rejoined Alicia, gloating over the banishment of the would-be destroyer of her dreams.

'I hope he will get on,' ventured the gentleman.

'I suppose it depends on himself,' replied the lady coldly; and Mr Wegswood retired from the attack in a condition of mystified disappointment.

The kindly Fate who watches over the interests of men without inquiring whether they deserve her aid, solved the difficulty for him the same evening by giving him Miss Gwen Pollock to take in to dinner at the house at which he dined. Mr Wegswood knew his partner intimately, and was well aware that she was Miss Malden's 'dearest friend'; he therefore had no hesitation in asking her assistance to understand the riddle. Miss Pollock was a dark-eyed little girl with a vivacious, engaging manner, whose first article of social faith was the praiseworthy theory that it is a girl's duty to make herself agreeable to all mankind.

When dinner was well advanced, and the roar of conversation around them made confidential discussion possible, Mr Wegswood asked her whether she hadn't always looked upon Mr Meadowson as Miss Malden's close friend.

'She used to like him very much,' admitted Miss Pollock.

'Doesn't she now? I was under the impression that she was very unhappy about his leaving town.'

Miss Pollock confessed that something had happened just before Mr Meadowson left, which gave Miss Malden very good reason for feeling incensed with him.

'Really?' queried Mr Wegswood. 'Didn't hear that, or, by Jove! I'd nevah—nevah have given him that billet.—What's he done?'

Miss Pollock was by no means sure she had any business to tell any one; she always made it a point of honour to keep secrets. But on Mr Wegswood's representations that he knew the Maldens so very well, and might also be regarded as Meadowson's benefactor, Miss Pollock consented to impart the secret, on the distinct understanding that he told it to nobody—not even Alicia herself. She meant, of course, that he wasn't to let Alicia hear he knew about it. Mr Wegswood bound himself by sacred promises; and Miss Pollock, after a little further display

of unwillingness, acquainted him with the facts.

Mr Wegswood listened to the story, interpellating only indignant ejaculations until Miss Pollock had finished. Then he gave rein to his wrath; and it required all the young lady's persuasive power to exact from him a promise not to telegraph Arthur's employers to dismiss him summarily the very next day.

'It would only bring him back here again,' urged Miss Pollock, 'and Alicia would not like that. Perhaps, too, the knowledge that she will never have anything more to do with him is punishment enough.'

'I must consider it,' said Mr Wegswood with awful sternness. 'Fellow who does thing like that mustn't escape too easily. Not at all sure that I oughtn't tell Watson to turn him out—not at all sure, don't you know?'

'I wish I could devise some means of consoling Alicia,' said Miss Pollock, after Arthur had been reprobated as his crime required. 'She is quite disheartened about her book.'

'Wonder if she would let me see it?' remarked Mr Wegswood. 'Tinkleby the publisher is friend of mine; might be of use.'

'I'll tell you what I will do,' said Miss Pollock, who was eager to help her friend, and took natural interest in the work whose development she had watched. 'I'll tell Alicia that you know Mr Tinkleby; and suggest that she should ask you to read the book and arrange for its publication.'

'Capital!' agreed Mr Wegswood, detecting in the proposal a royal road to Miss Malden's good graces. 'See her as soon as you can, and tell her you have learned that I can command publisher. Then, when she mentions it, I'll manage the rest.'

Mr Wegswood went down to the Club for a pool that night in the highest good-humour with the world, not excluding the audacious Arthur Meadowson, who had thus left him the key to Miss Malden's heart. 'How could the man have been such a muff?' he asked himself for the twentieth time as he stepped out of his hansom. 'Deliberately cut his own throat.—Well, I shan't be so foolish; and if money can do it, her book shall come out before the Season is over.'

Miss Pollock was as good as her word. On the following morning she paid an early visit to Brook Street for the express purpose of recommending Mr Wegswood as godfather to the novel. She found Miss Malden brooding over her 'Idyll' in a very dejected frame of mind indeed; and recognising that she stood in urgent need of comfort, she rose to the occasion, and painted the attractions of the new scheme in glowing colours. But Alicia was not to be thus easily led from her vale of despair.

'I don't know, Gwen,' she said with a melancholy shake of the head. 'I am half inclined to tell Ellen to burn it.'

At this dreadful threat Miss Pollock nearly shrieked; but controlling her emotions with an effort, she sat down with her arm round Alicia and subjected her to a severe but kindly examination. Was she to understand that the authoress proposed to pay that Mr Meadowson the extravagantly high compliment of accepting his so-called opinion as final?

Alicia sighed; she really didn't know.—Well, then, to put it in another way—was Alicia going to join hands with Mr Meadowson and condemn the novel because he did?

The idea of 'joining hands,' even in a metaphorical sense, with the brutal critic had its effect on Miss Malden. 'No,' she answered with decision; 'most certainly not.'

'Very well,' pursued Miss Pollock triumphantly. 'You agree with me that the best way to prove your disdain for his judgment is to get the book printed?'

Miss Malden supposed so.

'Then, if you will take my advice, you will ask Mr Wegswood to give it to Mr Twinkleby at once,' saying which, Miss Pollock rose, to signify that she considered she had proved her case.

'He will want to read it,' objected Alicia.

'Yes; I should be surprised if he did not. But you would allow that, wouldn't you?'

'I'd rather he did not see it till it is printed,' said Alicia; 'things look so much better in print.'

'I daresay he would take it direct to the publishers, if you asked him,' murmured Miss Pollock doubtfully; 'but I must say, Alicia, it seems a good deal to ask of any man.'

How many men, thought the young lady, finding themselves in possession of a manuscript novel, could exercise sufficient self-control to refrain from reading it? It was expecting too much of weak human nature.

'I'll see,' said Miss Malden more cheerfully. 'Next time Mr Wegswood comes here, I will mention that you told me of his acquaintance with Mr Twinkleby; and if he is nice about it, he shall arrange the matter for me.'

And having gained this carefully qualified assent, Miss Pollock took her leave, returning home at once to write news of her achievement to Mr Wegswood.

That gentleman, having retired to rest at four o'clock in the morning, was still recuperating in bed, when shortly before noon his servant entered with a letter.

'Any answer, sir?' inquired the servitor, observing that his master showed no intention of opening the missive. There was no more patient man-servant in Dover Street than Mr Barker, but when his employer remained between the sheets till this time of day, he felt that duty compelled him to offer gentle protest.

'Messenger's waiting, sir,' hinted Barker, after an interval of five minutes.

Mr Wegswood growled sleepily, and tore open the note. Then, to the utter dismay of his serving-man, he bounded out of bed like a galvanised acrobat. 'Mail phaeton in half an hour, Barker!' he said with energy.—'Never mind breakfast. Tell Miss Pollock's messenger not to wait.'

'I'll go up to Brook Street at once,' he said to himself as he dragged on his dressing-gown; 'and I'm much mistaken if I don't walk over for the race now.'

An hour later he drew up his horses before Mrs Malden's door. If he felt dilapidated after the festivities of the previous night, there was no outward token of it; his customary languid bearing always suggested to the ribald

that he had only just got out of bed or was just about to return thither, so rising at noon made no appreciable difference.

'I've come to beg for lunch,' he said as his hostess greeted him. Mrs Malden was charmed; and Alicia, mindful of the fact that she was about to place him under a profound obligation to her, was unusually gracious.

Forewarned by Miss Pollock, Mr Wegswood made no reference to the object of his visit before Mrs Malden; but when she left him to the care of her daughter, which she did as soon as lunch was over, he was requested by the latter to join her in the library, where she wished to obtain his advice on a small matter of business. Alicia found it less easy to take him into confidence than she had Mr Meadowson; but she attributed this to the new method of procedure she adopted. She had asked Mr Meadowson as a favour to read her book; this time she desired to imbue her confidant with a sense of indebtedness by conferring a less delectable privilege upon him. And when she had explained what she wanted and how she had come to ask his assistance, she was not surprised to find that Mr Wegswood saw difficulties in the way. He really did not think he could approach Mr Twinkleby with a book of whose contents he was totally ignorant; of course, the mere fact that the writer was Miss Malden would justify his recommending it; but Twinkleby was sure to ask if he had read it himself. Besides, he must confess that he had hoped Miss Malden would allow him to read the book in her own handwriting; it would be doubly interesting to him in its embryo shape. Miss Malden was somewhat perplexed; but finally she compromised by consenting to read a few chapters aloud.

'Mamma is busy this afternoon,' she said, 'and we shall not be disturbed here; so, if you have no engagements for an hour or two, and have patience to listen, I'll begin at the beginning and read on till you cry "Hold, enough!"'

Mr Wegswood made the necessary reply, and taking the chair Alicia indicated, composed himself to enjoy 'At Eden's Gate.'

Whether that novel was one of those whose intrinsic beauties are only patent when read aloud in a musical voice, or whether Mr Wegswood's perceptive faculties had acquired preternatural acuteness from being sparsely exercised, we cannot take upon ourselves to decide. We can only say that when from sheer exhaustion Miss Malden ceased reading, her listener's enthusiastic admiration was beyond the power of language to express. If the authoress would only allow it, he said, he would return at once to his chambers and devote the rest of the day to the perusal of the remainder. To-morrow he would, with his own hands, take the manuscript to Paternoster Row, and arrange for its immediate conversion into three-volume form.

Miss Malden was not proof against these reassuring assertions; she placed the manuscript unreservedly in Mr Wegswood's hands, and charged him, if he found in the later chapters anything that needed correction, to let her know.

With a confidence in Mr Twinkleby's resources that was touching, Mr Wegswood undertook to arrange for its appearance in the world on that day fortnight. And having caused the Maldens' footman to summon a hansom, he drove home to

his chambers with the manuscript in much the same condition of mind as Arthur Meadowson had nursed it in the Brompton 'bus a few weeks previously.

He sat down with the intention of reading the rest of the book; but before he succeeded in finding the place at which Alicia had left off, Barker interrupted him by announcing the arrival of visitors; and the result was that 'At Eden's Gate' was laid aside unread, to allow Mr Wegswood to fulfil his duties to society.

As he had pledged himself to place the book in Mr Twinkleby's hands on the following day, he was now unable to read it before doing so. Miss Malden's wishes must be considered before his own, and she would be deeply disappointed if he failed to keep his word. So, with rare self-denial, he packed up the manuscript, and took it into the city without having bettered his acquaintance with it by another line. Not that this was of the least importance, as he had made up his mind to give the novel to the world before he had learned its name; we only mention the fact to show how bravely some men can overcome a temptation to which Miss Pollock imagined the noblest must succumb.

He discovered Mr Twinkleby's office with some difficulty, for the purlieus of Paternoster Row were to him foreign ground; and having sent in his card, he was ushered up-stairs into a very small room, lighted from above by a skylight, wherein the publisher sat, surrounded by little heaps of manuscript.

'Halloo, Wegswood!' he exclaimed, nodding at the parcel. 'Has your pen run away with you too? Put it down on that chair, will you; there's no room on the table.'

Mr Wegswood did as he was requested, and proceeded to explain the nature of his mission. A friend—lady—had written a novel; he wished to oblige her, and had brought the manuscript himself, that he might arrange with Twinkleby for its publication. If Twinkleby would kindly take the business off his hands, and turn out the book in the highest style of art, sending in the bill to himself, that was all he required.

Mr Twinkleby expressed his willingness to undertake the matter and put it in hand at once. Since the lady was going to publish at her own expense, all delays contingent on the production of works brought out at the publisher's risk would be avoided.

'How long before it's ready? Two weeks?'

'Hardly. Let's say six weeks for a novel of ordinary three-volume length. I couldn't get it done a day sooner.'

'Well, if that's the best you can do, the delay can't be helped. I'll tell her she must have patience. Want any money against expenses?'

'You can give me a cheque for a hundred on account,' replied Mr Twinkleby, who, on principle, never declined such an offer; 'but if you are going to make yourself responsible, and haven't your cheque-book with you, it does not matter.'

Mr Wegswood wrote the cheque, and as the publisher was beginning to evince unmistakable signs of impatience, stood up to go.

'Oh, by the way, Twinkleby,' he said as he shook hands, 'I almost forgot. Lady particularly requests that no alterations of any kind be made. You'll see to that?'

The publisher promised, and Mr Wegswood took his departure. The same evening Miss Malden learned from his lips that her ladder of fame had been firmly planted.

WEATHER-PERIODICITY.

No cosmical feature more palpably obtrudes itself upon our daily life, and is therefore the subject of more frequent remark, than that which is commonly termed 'the weather.' The mass of mankind, to whom every year is fundamentally alike, regard the rapid and seemingly inconsequent weather-changes only so far as they temporarily affect individual health and comfort, and are unprepared to recognise in those phenomena the regular operation of physical law. Even well-informed newspapers fail as interpreters of weather characteristics. When, during a momentary dearth of engrossing incident, the leader-writer chances to review some striking meteorological aspect, maybe in connection with the crops, it is treated as purely erratic and indeterminate, and as a theme for wonderment. Yet in the entire range of the natural forces there can be no relation of cause to effect more sensitively adjusted, or more readily demonstrable, than that of the impact of primary energy to its final result in heat or cold, rain or drought. Underlying the daily weather fluctuation there is a directive force, working in cycles, which characterises the action of the several classes of phenomena composing our meteorology. Observation of this governing principle in connection with temperature, wind-disturbance, and rainfall, renders it possible to forecast the main meteorological features of groups of years, and to trace a common cycle even through the long train of intermediate influences which peculiarly complicate the weather-conditions in these latitudes.

From a very remote period the moon has been supposed to exercise a mystic influence upon the earth and its inhabitants. But apart from astrological mysticism and poetical rhapsody, there is still a widespread belief that the moon is largely responsible for the eccentricities of the British climate. During a spell of bad weather Paterfamilias consults his calendar for the date of the next new moon, in hopeful expectancy of an agreeable change when the silvery crescent again adorns the sky. It is not, however, the mere phasic change of the moon that influences the weather. Whatever power the moon may exert upon the earth's atmosphere and the aqueous vapour suspended therein, is due to our satellite's position in what are called the nodes, or, in other words, her movements about the ecliptic. The measure of the moon's contributory causation of weather-phenomena is determined by her position relatively to the sun and the earth. It is also dependent on the coincident stage of solar activity. The ordinary periods of greatest lunar influence are the equinoxes, especially if the sun and moon be both in the equator, and the solar energy at the same time approaching its maximum. Such concurrences establish distinctive meteorological bases. They broadly characterise weather-phenomena over succeeding portions of time. In this connection it must be borne in mind that the equatorial and polar air-currents are, as it

were, the main arteries in the meteorological circulation; also, that the ephemeral weather-changes incidental to these latitudes result from intermediate and subsidiary influences.

Were there no positive evidence of lunar potency, it might be inferentially assumed that such a body as the moon, sufficiently powerful to do the principal tide-work and to check the earth's polar counterpoise, must strongly and variously influence the vast play of terrestrial energies set in motion by the solar heat. Our satellite is very far from being a mere inert vestige of creation. In her present evolutionary stage the moon is effective for the modified cosmical function requisite in the changed condition of the earth. Not only the inorganic world, but every form of organic existence upon this planet, is affected by the moon's subtle magnetism.

The chief elements in the meteorological system are the alternately waxing and waning solar energy, the aerial ocean in which we live, and the aqueous ocean beneath it. The main results are found in the lighter specific gravity of heated air, the expansive power of heat, and its tendency to equalise itself in space; and in the consequent counter-effort of less heated air to rectify the disturbed equilibrium. Hence perpetual evaporation and condensation, expansion and contraction, causing incessant disruption in the static condition of the atmosphere, and producing temperature variations, wind-disturbance, and rainfall.

In common with every other form of terrestrial energy, our meteorology originates in the sun. Solar radiation is the prime mover. But the sun appears to diffuse two kinds of heating rays, one kind prevailing during the maxima, and the other during the minima, solar periods. Each kind distinctively marks its coincident weather-period. The impact of solar energy falls directly upon the equatorial zone. In the broad ocean-belt of calm, and generally over a considerable stretch of the tropical latitudes, under the fervent rays of a vertical sun, a vast body of heated air, charged with aqueous vapour, is continually ascending to considerable altitudes. When the level is reached, in rarefied atmospheric strata, the attenuated vapour-laden air spreads horizontally. Meanwhile, the partial vacuum below is possessed by the cool and denser currents from the north and south, which are in turn heated, and, ascending with their aqueous burden, maintain the eternal upward and lateral flow. It might be supposed that an enormous quantity of finely-divided watery particles suspended at a minimum elevation of thirty thousand feet, or more, would coalesce and form a misty canopy intercepting the sun's rays. But molecular changes occur, and polarity is induced. During the sun-spot period these water molecules are less transparent to the rays of the sun, and under certain atmospheric conditions the presence of the aqueous vapour is indicated by cirro and cirro-stratus clouds at a minimum altitude of twenty-five thousand feet. This vapour is ultimately precipitated in the form of rain in different zones towards the Pole. When the pressure-gradient of the upper air is abnormally steep the movement is very rapid, and wind disturbance and rainfall result in low latitudes. When the pressure gradient is normal, the move-

ment is slower, and those phenomena occur in high latitudes. At the minimum solar period, the current mainly flows onward towards the Pole, and a larger proportion of its moisture is then deposited about the northern ice-cap. The angle of the pressure-gradient is closely connected with certain diurnal variations in vertical magnetic force, or dip, in the same manner that the quantity of rainfall, and its area of distribution, are coincident with similar diurnal variations in horizontal magnetic force, or declination. The phenomena produced by the action of the upper air-current must be regarded as distinct from those of the lower atmosphere. It is to the correlation of these two forces that the inconstant nature of our meteorology is chiefly due. The equatorial air-current has a preponderating influence during sun-spot periods. Its mean altitudes are then reduced, and its gradients are generally steep. There is strong magnetic direction, and consequent maximum atmospheric disturbance and rainfall. But irrespective of the solar periodicity, the altitude, velocity, and temperature of the vapour-laden upper air-current, particularly at the spring and autumn equinoxes, characterise the weather for considerable periods, and over extended areas.

In order to place this important relation clearly before the reader, let it be supposed that an equatorial air-current, originating in the Pacific Ocean, westward of Panama, flows in a northerly and easterly direction over the American continent, and descends at a more or less steep gradient, causing it to impinge upon the Atlantic seaboard in a zone comprising the fortieth and sixtieth parallels. Such an area would embrace that nursery of cyclonic disturbance formed by the contact of the Gulf Stream with the cold Labrador current. Whatever might be the existing weather-conditions in the North Atlantic, the reciprocal action of the two forces would change them. The influence of the upper air-current, its volume, pressure-gradient, velocity, and temperature, and therefore its cyclonic or anti-cyclonic tendency, would continue to characterise the weather over a vast area, until its effects were neutralised by some modification, possibly in the lower atmosphere, such as an abnormal rise of temperature farther to the south and west.

If the solar energy were constant, the weather-conditions would be also constant, and season would probably succeed season with automatic uniformity. But, as already indicated, the solar energy is subject to periodical change, and the several classes of meteorological phenomena reflect in a common cycle all the features of the solar periodicity. At regularly-recurring periods the glowing exterior of the sun is convulsed with stupendous fiery tempests. The full activity of this wild and terrible commotion constitutes the maximum of solar energy. At such times a peculiar emanation from the sun pervades interplanetary space, and more or less affects every member of our planetary system. The earth reflects this subtle influence in its magnetic storms, exalted auroral displays, and increased electrical activity; and it is not improbable that to an observer on Mars or Venus, a slight glow, conveying some appearance of luminosity, would at such periods be perceptible at the equator and

the Poles. The solar activity gradually subsides, until a comparatively quiescent minimum period is reached. The cycle occupies about eleven years, and the entire period may be grouped as follows: one year of minimum, then two years of mean or intermediate energy, then four years of increasing and decreasing maximum, or sun-spot period, succeeded by the waning term of two years of intermediate, and two years of minimum, activity.

It is an accepted fact that certain periodical variations in terrestrial magnetism coincide with the solar changes, and their close analogy to periodical variations in weather-phenomena is no less clearly established. But magnetic fluctuation holds a nearer relation to weather-periodicity than mere coincidence. Terrestrial magnetism is an active principle in meteorology. Whether in auroras, intensified earth-currents, St Elmo's fire, or any of its many subtle forms, it is both an index and a measure of meteorological phenomena. That fascinating instrument the magnetometer, in revealing every phase of what may be termed solar meteorology, indicates the antecedent principle, and the barometer predicates the final result as exhibited in atmospheric disturbance and rainfall. Every one of those irregular, spasmodic oscillations of the magnet which make up the sum of daily magnetic inequality, has a special meteorological value, and the record should be closely compared with fluctuations in atmospheric pressure and temperature.

It must not be supposed that periodical weather-conditions march to their culmination in unbroken gradations day by day, according to the almanac. While the progressive movement is maintained, there is sometimes a short halt, or a step backwards, or perhaps a hasty stride in advance. Even in the tropical zone, where the weather-conditions are not nearly so complicated by intermediate influences as in zones farther removed from the equator, there are apparent anomalies. The rainfall, for example, may in particular years be premature, or deferred, or unduly protracted. In these latitudes there is a general retardation of final results, which has been aptly described as a 'lagging behind.' But by dividing the solar cycle into three groups, representing the phases of solar activity already described, the rainfall discloses three corresponding averages. The rainfall of every related group of years is the result of its own special determinates, and in a complete zone it is therefore proportional to the daily range of magnetic fluctuation. Wherever the local character of the rainfall fails to disclose its magnetic analogy, the district forms only a subsidiary system, and the complement will be found in a direction transverse to the magnetic meridian. Dividing the whole rainfall of the eleven years' solar cycle into a hundred parts, the following proportions result: There are due to the minimum group of years twenty-nine parts; to the intermediate group, thirty-two parts; and to the maximum group, thirty-nine parts. Dealing in the same way with the mean daily range of magnetic inequality, a similar result is obtained—namely, twenty-nine, thirty-two, and thirty-nine parts respectively. The fractional differences are here omitted, as immaterial. Whether the analysis be drawn from the Cape of Good Hope rainfall of

the past five decades, or from the general average of the Indian monsoon rainfall for the same period, or from the British rainfall during the solar cycle ended in 1887-88, these proportions are maintained, and are therefore constant. Such remarkable coincidence in the range of the two phenomena seems to point to magnetism, or electricity, if that name be preferred, as an important factor in weather-conditions.

Gales, hurricanes, and cyclones, as forms of atmospheric disturbance, are subject to the common periodicity, and are consequently more frequent and violent in sun-spot periods. The direct radiation of solar heat does not completely explain their periodical maxima, for the greatest terrestrial heat occurs about the time when those visitations are least frequent. There is evidence of another kind of heating ray, ever present in solar radiation, but most influential in times of solar activity. True cyclones are preceded and accompanied by electrical perturbation. Their radius, velocity, and, within certain limits, direction, are closely connected with the magnetic forces. They probably originate in a highly-polarised condition of the upper air, and their rotation is possibly set up by the interaction of the magnetic currents circulating round the earth from east to west.

The fact is familiar that cyclones, besides their progressive motion from point to point, have a rotatory motion opposite to the direction of clock-hands in the northern hemisphere, and in the same direction as clock-hands in the southern hemisphere. This difference of direction is only apparent and relative—and only in the sense that an observer at the equator facing northwards will have the east towards his right hand, or facing southwards, towards his left hand. The initial direction of cyclones is, in fact, alike in both hemispheres—from east to west. The really significant feature in the rotation is that in both hemispheres cyclones curve outwards from the equator towards the magnetic Poles, following in this characteristic, as in others, a fundamental principle in electricity.

The anti-cyclone is the reverse action in the lower atmosphere. The centre, instead of being a medium of thermo-electric energy, as in the case of the cyclone, is a compact area of high air-pressure, on the outskirts of which there is a slight outward and gyratory motion. As the waves of the aqueous ocean are shattered by contact with the shore, so are the cyclonic waves of the aerial ocean broken against anti-cyclonic systems. A cyclone sweeping out of the Gulf of Mexico, with expanding radius along the course of the Gulf Stream, and curving back upon the Canadian seaboard, may be shattered by the resistance of an anti-cyclone lying over that region. Such an event, however, usually happens under peculiar meteorological aspects, as, for instance, the one just now passed, when the warm, humid equatorial air-current, quickened by the increasing solar energy, is in strong conflict with the polar air-pressure, yet unsubdued, by reason of the retardation before mentioned, causing a partial overlapping of two distinct periods.

Although no positive indication exists of radical change, it would seem that our climate is undergoing some gradual modification. There

is reason to believe that as the magnetic north in this country more closely approaches the geographical north, and again passes to the east of it, our climate will become considerably modified as far as regards longer periods of well-defined weather, more regular seasons, warmer summers, and colder winters; and possibly the occasional recurrence of the old-time pestilent epidemics, due to the greater influence of easterly weather resulting from change of magnetic direction.

Of this easterly weather and its present effect upon our climate, much that is interesting might be related. The whole subject has a very wide practical interest. But limitation of space forbids further extension. The foregoing references to a few salient features in our meteorology may perhaps assist to indicate why the year 1887 was dry with normal heat, the year 1888 cold with normal rainfall, and the year 1889 characterised by conflicting warm and cold air-currents, producing violent sporadic rainbursts in various parts of the northern hemisphere. They may also serve to explain why a period of increased wind-disturbance and rainfall and higher winter temperature may be anticipated, now that the solar energy is advancing to its maximum.

WHAT GREAT MEN THINK OF WORK.

GENIUS pure and simple is no doubt an enviable gift; ordinary men stand in the valley and, in an attitude born of innate hero-worship, gaze with awe upon the favoured of the gods as they tread the mountain heights. But genius needs a backbone—a very decided backbone—in order that its waywardness might be useful, and its daring flights something other than meteoric. A sensitive and passionate heart allied to a vivid and powerful imagination are undoubtedly the elements which go to make the poet or artist; but to accomplish anything worthy his endowments, the favoured individual must have these gifts of his resting upon a sure foundation of common-sense and reason—in short, he must have an early and definite knowledge of the importance of work. And anything like happiness to himself can only accrue from the carrying of such knowledge into daily practice.

Instead of preaching on this subject ourselves, using up as we go along this or that attractive saying of some notable man, all the while altering a word here or a phrase there, and so making in fact a plagiarised hash which we would like others to think our own—instead of this, we are content that each clear truth or brilliant saying shall be—what it should be—a star in its author's crown. So here are a few of the utterances of great men on the subject of work.

'No matter,' says Emerson, 'what your work is, let it be yours; no matter if you are a tinker or preacher, blacksmith or president, let what you are doing be organic, let it be in your bones, and you open the door by which the affluence of heaven and earth shall stream into you.' Again, he says: 'God will not have His work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and

gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt, his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.'

'There is one plain rule of life,' says Stuart Mill, 'eternally binding, and independent of all variations in creeds, embracing equally the greatest moralities and the smallest. It is this—Try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being both duly considered; and then DO IT.' Ruskin, on being told of a man who was a genius, immediately inquired: 'Does he work?'

'I find,' observed Dr Livingstone, 'that all eminent men work hard. Eminent geologists, mineralogists, men of science, work hard, and that both early and late.' Mr Blackmore, in *Alice Lorraine*, has told us how 'Mabel Lovejoy waited long, and wondered, hoped, despaired, and fretted; and then worked hard and hoped again.' And the late President Garfield said: 'The worst days of darkness through which I have ever passed have been greatly alleviated by throwing myself with all my energy into some work relating to others.'

'Between vague wavering Capability,' wrote Carlyle, 'and fixed indubitable Performance, what a difference! A certain inarticulate Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us, which only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the Spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible "Know thyself;" till it be translated into this partially possible one, "Know what thou canst work at." Again: 'Lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: "Do the duty which lies nearest thee," which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.'

'Dear to the heart of Carlyle,' says Paxton Hood, 'was that motto of the old monks, "Labour is worship." We have met with some few men, and with women too, who could not comprehend it, and to whom it was a dim, occult, mystical saying; they wanted an explanation of it. Poor things! and we had no explanation to give, for this is one of those sayings for which no explanation will suffice; it must be felt to be true; no amount of commentary can else make it appear reasonable. To work is the human mission; he who shrinks from labour shrinks from the purpose of his existence. It is sad that to so many thousands of persons nowadays it should be necessary to say this. Labour is everlastingly noble and holy; it is the source of all perfection; no man can accomplish, or become accomplished, without work; it is the purifying fire, burning up the poisoning and corrupting influences emanating from the manhood of the soul.'

In George Eliot's *Silas Marner* we have this of the solitary weaver: "'Yes, sir, yes," said Marner meditatively; "I should ha' been bad off without my work; it was what I held by when everything else was gone from me."

Goethe says: 'Fortune is the goddess of breathing men; to feel her favours truly, we must live and be men who toil with their living minds

and bodies, and enjoy with them also.' Again: 'He who is born with capacities for any undertaking, finds in executing this the fairest portion of his being.'

'Those,' said the great painter Joshua Reynolds, 'who have undertaken to write on our art, and have represented it as a kind of inspiration, as a gift bestowed upon peculiar favourites at their birth, seem to ensure a much more favourable disposition from their readers, and have a much more captivating and liberal air, than he who attempts to examine coldly whether there are any means by which this art may be acquired, how the mind may be strengthened and expanded, and what guides will show the way to eminence. It is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the cause of anything extraordinary, to be astonished at the effect, and to consider it as a kind of magic. They who have never observed the gradation by which art is acquired; who see only what is the full result of long labour and application of an infinite number and infinite variety of acts, are apt to conclude, from their entire inability to do the same at once, that it is not only inaccessible to themselves, but can be done by those only who have some gift of the nature of inspiration bestowed upon them.'

One of the most decided and characteristic utterances on the subject of work is that of George Henry Lewes. It sounds like a veritable trumpet-blast to summon young dreamers from a too long straying in flowery paths and moonlit groves. 'There is in the present day,' he says, 'an overplus of raving about genius, and its prescriptive rights of vagabondage, its irresponsibility, and its insubordination to all the laws of common-sense. Common-sense is so prosaic! Yet it appears from the history of art that the real men of genius did not rave about anything of the kind. They were resolute workers, not idle dreamers. They knew that their genius was not a frenzy, not a supernatural thing at all, but simply the colossal proportions of faculties which, in a lesser degree, the meanest of mankind shared with them. They knew that whatever it was, it would not enable them to accomplish with success the things they undertook unless they devoted their whole energies to the task. Would Michael Angelo have built St Peter's, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Rubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe, had he allowed his brush to hesitate? would Beethoven and Mozart have poured out their souls into such abundant melodies? would Goethe have written the sixty volumes of his works—had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engrossed with that to which they were so averse?'

"Use the pen," says a thoughtful and subtle author; "there is no magic in it; but it keeps the mind from staggering about." This is an aphorism which should be printed in letters of gold over the studio door of every artist. Use the pen or the brush; do not pause, do not trifle, have no misgivings; but keep your mind from staggering about by fixing it resolutely on the matter before you, and then all that you can do

you *will* do: inspiration will not enable you to do more. Write or paint: act, do not hesitate. If what you have written or painted should turn out imperfect, you can correct it, and the correction will be more efficient than that correction which takes place in the shifting thoughts of hesitation. You will learn from your failures infinitely more than from the vague wandering reflections of a mind loosened from its moorings; because the failure is absolute, it is precise, it stands bodily before you; your eyes and judgment cannot be juggled with; you know whether a certain verse is harmonious, whether the rhyme is there or not there; but in the other case you not only *can* juggle with yourself, but *do* so, the very indeterminateness of your thoughts makes you do so; as long as the idea is not positively clothed in its artistic form, it is impossible accurately to say what it will be. The magic of the pen lies in the concentration of your thoughts upon one object. Let your pen fall, begin to trifle with blotting-paper, look at the ceiling, bite your nails, and otherwise dally with your purpose, and you waste your time, scatter your thoughts, and repress the nervous energy necessary for your task. Some men dally and dally, hesitate and trifle until the last possible moment, and when the printer's boy is knocking at the door, they begin; necessity goading them, they write with singular rapidity, and with singular success; they are astonished at themselves. What is the secret? Simply this; they have had no time to hesitate. Concentrating their powers upon the one object before them, they have done what they *could* do.'

Of course Charles Lamb with his sly and delightful humour must needs look at this matter in another and altogether different light. 'I wish,' he says in a letter to Wordsworth, 'that all the year were holiday; I am sure that indolence—indefeasible indolence—is the true state of man, and business the invention of the old Teaser, whose interference doomed Adam to an apron and set him a-hoeing. Pen and ink, and clerks and desks, were the refinements of this old torturer some thousand years after, under pretence of "Commerce allying distant shores, promoting and diffusing knowledge, good," &c.'

ACROSS THE SEA.

SMOOTH o'er the yellow sand the waters spread
And deepen, till the bay is one rich glow
Of emerald light, while murmuringly low
Falls the sad rhythm of old Ocean's tread.
Oh sea, thy song! When parting tears are shed,
When the sails gleam and favouring breezes blow,
When in moonlighted mist, the rough 'Heave-ho!'
Loosens the anchor, and farewells are said—
Thy song breathed inland from the moaning shore,
Its deep wave-chorus wakening wild and free,
Will lull us into sadness, o'er and o'er
Sounding Æolian strings of memory—
A voice—an echo—murmuring evermore
Of one true heart that beats across the sea.

C. A. DAWSON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.